The Seed Sower.

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The Tenant.

THIS body is my house—it is not I;
Herein I sojourn until, in some far sky,
I lease a fairer dwelling, built to last
Till all the carpentry of time is past.
When from my high place viewing this lone star,
What shall I care where these poor timbers are?
What though the crumbling walls turn dust and loam,
I shall have left them for a larger home.
What though the rafters break, the stanchions rot,
When earth has dwindled to a glimmering spot!
When thou, clay cottage, fallest, I'll immerse
My long-cramped spirit in the universe.
Through uncomputed silences of space
I shall yearn upward to the leaning Face.
The ancient heavens will roll aside for me,
As Moses monarch'd the dividing sea.
This body is my house; it is not I.
Triumphant in this faith I live and die.

FREDERICK LAWRENCE KNOWLES.

The Over-heart.

O HEARTS of love! O souls that turn
Like sunflowers to the pure and best!
To you the truth is manifest;
For they the mind of Christ discern
Who lean like John upon his breast!

What doth the holy Guide require?
No rite of pain, nor gift of blood,
But man a kindly brotherhood,
Looking, where duty is desire,
To him, the beautiful and good.

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Head and Heart.

"FULLY PERSUADED!" "FERVENT IN SPIRIT."

How partial and one-sided we all are! How rarely do we meet with an all-round man, one in whom every part, power, passion, faculty has its due place, nothing here in excess or there in defect. To have strength of will without domineering masterfulness, to be tender-hearted without sentimentality, no one faculty allowed to overshadow its neighbour, but each noble quality reaching its maximum of development, without interference in any way with the development of any of the others! What a gracious thing it is when we see faith without dogmatism, enthusiasm without fanaticism, strength without violence, softness without weakness, freedom without licence, self-sacrifice without asceticism, saintliness without morbidity, the harmony of a many-sided nature, all its various tendencies helping each other in sweet reasonableness. Most men have the defects of their virtues. If they are keenly intellectual they tend to trample on "mere feeling." If they are deeply emotional they tend to speak slightingly of "mere reason." So much of the best life the world has seen dissatisfies us with its partiality, so many of the greatest men are great only upon certain sides, and have their other side all shrunken, flat, and small. We long to see humanity rich, and full, a life all round, complete on every side, a life in which mind and heart according will make one music.

Head and heart—reason and feeling—intellect and emotion—these are the ruling powers of human nature. It is impossible to over-estimate their importance. To be carried on with any success life needs them both. Clear thought, right reasoning, the active healthy brain to plan and learn, to observe and understand and originate, this is indispensable. But no less indispensable is the warm heart, fervency of feeling, the emotions that supply the motive powers. Knowledge and the reasoning faculty are not sufficient for the conduct of life. Many men know perfectly well what should be done, they see clearly the truth, they are able to argue and reason with ability, and yet nothing much comes of it. For they lack the compelling force which feeling supplies. They are like a well-constructed engine with no fuel in the fire-box. On the other hand there are persons who are *all* feeling, who are governed by feeling without knowledge, and whose impulse and emotion divorced from reason are continually leading them astray. Alas! with most of us life is an uneven balance between Head and Heart, between reason and feeling. Sometimes the emotional preponderates, and we see the natural results. Sometimes it is the intellect, the head that preponderates, and here also the results are palpable; and in neither case just what we could wish.

Take as a most familiar illustration the case of a father and mother in the training of children. You will readily call to mind cases where the emotional side, the tenderness and love has everything its own way. Father or mother cannot bear to thwart or cross the child. The child is indulged, its whims, its fancies, its wishes are allowed full scope. The parents are too soft-hearted to deny or to punish. Feeling undirected by reason results in the wreck and ruin of the children. The parents have never thought out what is likely to follow a rule that is too weak ever to give pain or to insist on obedience.

On the other hand there are cases here and there—there were many in the old Puritan households,—where the emotional side is constantly repressed, where the head and its dictation and rule are constantly to the front, where the childish yearnings for love and the expression of affection are neither called out nor met. John Ruskin's parents were intelligent, high-minded, and strong-willed to a degree, but they sternly repressed any manifestation of feeling. They had the deepest affection for their child, and knew that in him they had a creature of uncommon endowments, and be it acknowledged, their system of training did very much for the lad which in after days he abundantly recognised. His home was a place of peace, obedience, and faith; these he says were the main blessings of his childhood. But his childhood had its equally dominant calamities. The first of these was that "he had nothing to love."

"My parents were in a sort visible powers of nature to me, no more loved than the sun and moon; only I should have been puzzled and annoyed if either of them had gone out. Still less did I love God; not that I had any quarrel with him, or fear of him, but simply found what people told me was His service, disagreeable; and what people told me was His book, not entertaining. I had no companions to quarrel with; nobody to assist, and nobody to thank. Not a servant was allowed to do anything for me but what it was their duty to do; and why should I be grateful to the cook for cooking or the gardener for gardening, when the one dared not give me a baked potatoe without asking leave, and the other would not let any of my ants' nests alone because they made the walks untidy? The evil consequence of all this was not, however, what might have been expected, that I grew up selfish and unaffectionate; but that when affection did come, it came with violence, utterly rampant and unmanageable, at least by me, who never before had anything to manage."

Or, to change the illustration, look at the conflict of Head and Heart in the matter of practical charity. The impulse of the Heart is to be touched by the simple fact that here is pain, and distress and want, and if the impulse is to have its own way, the first thing to be done is to relieve that pain by the nearest and speediest of methods. And yet any one who has had experience, or has studied the history of the world's charities, will know

that this heart-impulse to relieve suffering has caused more suffering than all the careful calculating thought of the head. Time and time again this impulse to indiscriminate charity and the immediate relief of suffering has proved itself the creator of more beggary, therefore more suffering, more degradation than almost anything else.

On the other hand it is quite possible to carry this careful calculating thought, this insistence on methodical enquiry, on guidance by reason, a good deal too far, denying the impulse of the heart, treating it as a luxury not to be indulged in, as a misguided thing not to be fostered, and so to become hard and cruel, and unsympathetic to cases of real and urgent need. This is the special danger of what is known as the organisation of charity, a danger not always escaped. There is the possibility of danger in either directions. It is not easy to hold the balance between Reason and Feeling, between Head and Heart.

It is this balance of thought and emotion we need to cultivate. Or let us say, what all of us greatly need is the harmony of ideas and affections.

Ideas, or truths are the fruit of the intellectual powers in full action. And how great is the influence of an idea, or a truth kept steadily in view we all know. History is full of illustrations of this. Almost all men who have achieved anything considerable, whether in business, or politics, or art, in literature, or religion, have done so under the influence of an over-mastering idea. Of course there are ideas and ideas; ideas which like fleeting clouds entertain us only for a moment, and ideas which having been received into the mind as convictions, give a direction to the whole course of life, and presently mould the character. No man ever achieved without some clearly thought out plan, idea, and purpose, something which the mind made much of, which was constantly dwelt upon, which saturated the whole mental texture and temper, which was so appropriated as to become part of the man's very self, which so possessed him as to re-appear unbidden in his language and conduct, without any new sense of intellectual effort —which in fact so controlled him that he became not so much its possessor as its servant; not so much the conscious owner and producer of mental treasure, as the almost unconscious instrument of a dominant force.

Take as an illustration the life of Richard Cobden. Cobden for many years was a man of one idea—how to enable his country to throw off the incubus and the paralysis and the disease of protection. Bringing to the question a powerful intellect he reasoned out the idea of Free Trade into clearness and unassailable argument. The idea took hold of him, became everything to him, dominated his career. He became its Apostle. Through years of effort, in speeches, in pamphlets, in Parliament, on the stump, he carried on an intellectual fight with Protection, and at last defeated it by sheer force of intellect. He proved once again that a great idea is an all conquering force. It was an intellectual triumph in the sphere of politics.

But you would greatly mistake the triumph if you concluded that Heart had nothing to do with it. The heart supplied the fuel to Cobden's enterprise. It was because he was so profoundly moved by the sight of poverty, hungry children, starving workpeople, and all the horrors and distresses that follow upon want, that he took up with the truths and ideas of Free Trade and carried it through obloquy and abuse and a thousand difficulties to victory. What it was he felt and how he felt you may gather from the well-known appeal for help he made to John Bright. When John Bright's wife was lying dead, and the heart of the great Commoner was shattered by that dreadful blow, Cobden wrote to him:—"There are thousands of homes in England that are full of sorrow, if different from yours, still very hard to bear, because of unjust laws which protect a few while they impoverish many. When the first bitterness of your grief is past, you will come to me, and we will give ourselves no rest until these unjust laws have been repealed." And what made those two men so strong was the strength and perfect balance in them of Head and Heart. Thought alone never moved a man. Reason alone was never the inspiration of a great cause. Intellect alone never led a reform. It is the heart, the heart always which is the motive force, the power

that lifts and impels the world. And yet without the Head the Heart will never accomplish anything except the grotesque.

Let us throw the searchlight of all this upon Religion. There are those who in religion disparage thinking, reasoning, and intellect, and there are those who disparage fervour, feeling, emotion. We need them both.

It is clear-headed thinking that has laid out the roadway for human pilgrims and human progress through the wilderness, that has built the road, that has laid every rail of the track; it is clear-headed thinking that has invented the engine and takes it in charge. But all this is not enough, even though the thinking is perfect. There must be emotion, the steam in the boiler, the fire in the heart, the love for God, the warm feeling for man. There must be all this or else the thinking is worth nothing. On the other hand if you have the greatest love for humanity in your heart, if you have the inward force of strong feeling, and the heat and glow of emotion, yet if the thinking be missing, that is, if the engine is not built according to the truth of things, then all your propulsive power simply means wreck and loss. You need clear thought and you need warm feeling, and neither without the other is of lasting good.

Take the head out of religion and let the feeling alone remain. On that basis you could never turn a man from a lower religion to a higher. Religion simply under the control of emotion runs into all kinds of excesses. Religion unguided by the light of intelligence and reason becomes a kind of madness. See what goes on at many a revival meeting when men and women lie fainting on the floor, when the whole audience is touched with hysteria, when feeling runs wild, and reason is for the hour dethroned. On the other hand take the warm human heart out of religion, let the intellect rule alone, and you have such horrible caricatures of religion as the Westminster Confession, such inhuman monsters as Torquemada, and the cold, calculating, prudential precision which makes everything of creed and shibboleth.

Head and Heart, you must have them both. I press on you the need and duty of clear thinking in religion. You are not to live on other men's opinions and conclusions, you are to ask questions, to knock at closed doors, to search out, to come into the light, to be true to reason, and to follow where reason lights the way. How many there are who have never given an hour's quiet thought to religious problems, who have simply accepted what they have been taught without question, or have drifted away from what they have been taught without knowing why. You are called to be a Truth-seeker. Nothing can excuse you from that enterprise. All heaven, all history, all experience, all nature cry out to you "Think!" "Think!"—"Be fully persuaded in your own mind." "Why do ye not of yourselves judge that which is right?" And when the head is engaged in the discovery of the truth, the heart has no business to meddle. That is a hard saying. What you need to see is God's truth clearly in the white light of intelligence, and the brain ought to be as unbiassed by feeling as a pair of scales. This is the business of reason, to find out what is truth. Yet if the heart be left out of account, the brain becomes merely the maker of formulas, the inventor of phrases, the creator of creeds. Without the heart, the head becomes an engine of cruelty and oppression.

And often when the reason offers no guidance and no certainty we do well to follow the promptings of the heart. For when all is said and done, the heart is the deepest thing in human life, the heart comes first. Feeling goes before intelligence. The babe cannot know, it can only feel, but in that feeling is life. The motive force is feeling. Cultivate your powers of thought, mark the great place of intellect in religion, have a reason for the life that is in you. Make your own creed, be resolute to follow the call of the Head. But also cultivate the affections of the Heart. A true man is a man of feeling. A man is worth nothing if true and warm and earnest feeling be not the highest and deepest power in all his nature. He only is a man who has learned to love. With all thy getting, get wisdom, yet know that the

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divinest wisdom is taught by love, and that only he who loves fervently has found his right place in the school of life. It is our duty to keep ourselves at a high level of feeling; to be fervent in spirit is not only an ideal, it is a duty. We ought to live constantly under the influence of true feeling, guided in its action by clearest thought. Never be ashamed of warm feeling and its expression; encourage it to speak and act, for what we supremely need is more of the glowing ardour of love and joy, and the feeling that does not express itself soon cools down into mere ashes. The inert, stagnant mind is to be infinitely deplored, but the dead heart is the curse of all curses.

"Wouldst thou the life of souls discern?
Nor human wisdom, nor divine,
Helps thee by aught beside to learn,
Love is life's only sign."

JOSEPH WOOD.

A Cheerful Gospel.

THERE is a little old saying of our childhood days, which we were apt to accept without question even if we went no great length in its practical application—"Be good and you will be happy."

How we long for happiness, we children of Adam!

As the delicate leaflets of spring-tide push and stretch and adjust to catch every ray of sunshine, so does the human heart seek for that which is the Glorifier of Life.

But we proceed farther upon the highway of experience, and much knowledge comes to us that does not awaken the joy bells. We see, beyond doubt, that the good are not always happy, and the happy are not always good.

This seems, at first glance, to confuse utterly the entire scheme of things. The accustomed landmarks are swept away, and the road wears an unfamiliar face.

We spend much weary time in wonder and conjecture. We even institute certain private rebellions of our own, and at the end the situation has not changed. Yet that same desire for happiness remains and will not be denied without protest. Now and then we find some one who seems to have solved our unanswered problem.

Its secret was asked once of a sunny-faced woman whose life plainly had been full of the stress and strain of conflicting circumstances.

"It is because you are so good, no doubt," was the frankly uttered judgment.

"I don't know about that," was the brisk answer. "I have learned to reverse the old adage. Now I say, 'Be happy and you will be good.'"

Does that seem like a colossal selfishness, a will-o'-the wisp pursuit sure to end in bogs and morasses?

On the other hand, is goodness a solid hill-slope, up which we must toil in the doubtful hope of finding the rainbow-winged happiness as a reward at the very top?

Let us recall times when we were really happy. Were we blindly wrapped in self then? Did we forget all that was due to the lives about us?

On the contrary, were we not full of tenderness? Was it not most sweet for us to spend and be spent in loving service to others?

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," proclaims the Eastern sage of Bible narrative.

"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."

"I'd laugh to-day, to-day is brief;
I would not wail for anything,
I'd use to-day that cannot last,
Be glad to-day and sing,"—

cheerily anounces Rossetti, no novice in the schools of pain and suffering.

"Christ's time was chiefly spent in making people happy," says our own later day Drummond.

Surely there is something in the very essence of this precious experience that makes for health, serenity, and general good. We are not agreed upon the legitimate means of securing it, and we all know that a deliberate pursuit ends usually in dire failure. But we all crave it. How, *how* shall we be happy that we may be good?

In nature, when a young thing scrambles out into an unfamiliar world, it finds itself in just the environment suited to its growth.

The tiniest atom of coral life in tropic seas will be born in water of just the right temperature, with exactly the food it needs close at hand. Does that look as if a blind Force lay at the heart of things?

May there not then be in our very circumstances and surroundings certain elements which, rightly understood and appropriated, have the power to turn life's water into the wine of gladness?

We do not mean the ecstacy of joy, the rapture of delight which come in rare moments to every life. There is a quiet, steady good cheer which warms and sustains. There is a capacity for the enjoyment of small things which is an absolute godsend, when more pretentious sources break down or drift away from us.

We recall the old colored woman who had "de misery" in her back, and "pains-like" in her "laigs" and "rheumatiz" in her hands. "But, bress the Lawd, got 'ligion in my heart. De Debbil can't get me dere!"

We smile at the homely truth; but does it not hit the nail squarely on the head? Is there that in our religion which shall awaken the birds of joy to song in our hearts?

Our God is a God of Law, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

Do we realise what it means to have a God who will not change, who is not moved by caprice?

As children we longed for things our wiser parents denied, knowing only too well that we ignorantly sought our own undoing.

We are but children of a larger growth, and our God of Law faithfully refuses to let us jeopardise our welfare by giving that which would not naturally come around in the course of events.

It is well for us that the light comes every morning, that the same flowers return in their orderly sequence, that winter and repose follows the harvest-tide. To be in harmony and working with the established order of things is safety, strength, happiness, life. To disregard them, to act in opposition, is misery, unrest, death.

Oh, let us be glad in the thought that we have a God who does not command the sun to stand still, but holds everything to its appointed path. Let us rejoice to be part of the common lot, glad to feel that what is best for the mass is best for the individual—in the long run.

Our God is a God of Law! Is there not strength, safety, and restfulness in this first essential element of a Cheerful Gospel? Then is it not most inspiring to feel that Man, despite his many imperfections, is a child of God rather than the Devil? We can but dimly realise how the children of a past generation were tormented by the idea that they were "miserable sinners," "rebels against God," "vipers," as one of the Puritan divines styles them.

Even not so many years ago a revivalist announced that his daughter of five had for two years been a happy, consistent little Christian. But the grief of her life was that for three years she had lived in enmity with her God!

Do we realise how much we are blest in a gospel which recognises human imperfection and the ever-present fact of evil, but still insists that the Divine Likeness in every son of man has the power to quicken and transform and lift us above all wrong?

Our faithful God of Law and Order and Safety is not a far-away God enthroned among the stars, but a very near, all-knowing, all-sympathetic God.

KATE L. BROWN.

Human life is a mission, of which the aim is Service, the law Sacrifice, the strength Fellowship with God.—*Bishop Westcott.*

IT would be a poor result of all our anguish and our wrestling if we won nothing but our old selves at the end of it,—if we could return to the same blind loves, the same self-confident blame, the same light thoughts of human suffering, the same frivolous gossip over blighted human lives, the same feeble sense of that Unknown toward which we have sent forth irrepressible cries in our loneliness. Let us rather be thankful that our sorrow lives in us as an indestructible force, only changing its form, as all forces do, and passing from Pain into Sympathy,—the one poor word which includes all our best insight and our best love. . . .—*George Eliot.*

"The Congregational Revolt against Independency."

UNDER this significant title the Rev. T. E. Ruth, of Liverpool, has contributed three articles to the *Christian World*, protesting against making the principle of Individualism in Church life into a fetish, and pleading for a more genuine co-operation among churches of the Congregational order. The third of these articles advocates the foundation of a common fund for ensuring ministers a minimum stipend. The plea that he makes is even more urgent in our Free Churches than among Baptists and Independents. We commend the following extracts from Mr. Ruth's article to the attention of our readers:—

"In the exigencies of our modern life and in the exercise of special gifts it may be impossible to have 'all things in common,' but surely the essential things, the common necessaries, should be secured for every servant of the Church. And the system that fails to do this fails in elementary Christianity and has no claim to be considered a *Christian* system at all. When my neighbouring brother minister, in the enjoyment of a fat 'living' knows that I have a keen struggle to make both ends meet, and that sometimes my family have less than enough of daily bread and does nothing to help me, I think I am justified in doubting his fraternity though he does call me 'dear brother.' All his professions of sympathy are mere pulpit and platform platitudes. His pathetic appeals on my behalf are overdone. I am sick and weary of them. I want something practical now. I want something to eat and sympathy doesn't satisfy. As a Christian minister I have a Christian right to a living wage. I am prepared to admit that I may not be worth more than I get. But then I am not worthy a place in the Christian ministry. Yet have I been educated for the ministry at a denominational college, and ordained with the cognisance of our denominational chieftains. Moreover, I am doing my best. But if I am not worth feeding properly, and clothing decently, why was I ever admitted to the ministry at all? If I have failed in the discharge of my duty, if I have yielded to the besetting sin of laziness—temptation to which dogs the steps of every profession—and have consequently failed, then by all means starve me out. I deserve such punishment. It is just. It is human. It is divine. But if, through circumstances over which I have no control, I have not seemed to succeed, if I have worthily represented my denomination in a deteriorating district and the people to whom I have ministered are too poor to pay an adequate stipend, surely I have a right to expect something more than pity from those who believe in the brotherhood of man and who preach about doing good to all, especially to the household of faith!

This is the sort of thing we have to face. And the Home Mission and Church Aid Funds provide little more than a pitiful pretence of solution. I am not sure, however, that ministers can do much, of themselves, to deliver their brethren from the wolves of want, although I would rather see a Ministerial Trade Union or a self-assessment of ministerial incomes for the universal provision of a minimum salary than persist in the present practice of underpaying the preachers of the unsearchable riches of Christ. Yet this is not strictly a ministerial question. It is a question for the men appointed to serve tables. It is a question of Church fellowship, of Church funds. Let us adopt Principal Henderson's suggestion of a common fund. Every Congregational Church in the district should contribute, in graduated assessment according to its means, and so redeem Congregationalism from this age-long and bitter reproach. It is certain that so long as we are satisfied to persist in our present unsystematised system, in which some ministers of the everlasting Gospel must be invited to commit social suicide and be condemned to perpetual poverty, so long shall we be the aiders and abettors of the violation of Christian fraternity and fellowship, and so long shall we keep out of the ministerial office educated and holy men whom God has made too wise to enter a ministry where not even their bread is sure.

Of course, there are many other possibilities in the active fellowship of a common fund, for instance, the possibility of united extension work, of central city halls, of suburban missions undertaken by the entire Church, and also the possibility of treating our veteran ministers in a more Christian fashion. Most of our reverence for old men has gone. The little we have left is sentimental rather than practical. We do not know how to let our poorer ministers live. We know less how to let them die. We do not take into consideration their long life of love to God and men, their long experience of men and methods, their life-long development in the divine likeness."

We dare not acquiesce in this obviously unjust and un-Christian independency. Each district must to some extent solve its own problems. But it seems to me that the entrance into the ministry must be more rigidly guarded, as far as man has right to guard it, that Congregationalism must centralise more, that our Unions must become more authoritative by ministers and delegates being empowered to act as the legislative representatives of their churches, and that, for the greater glory of Christian co-operation, the larger churches must learn to loosen their hold of the more successful ministers, and that all should combine to recognise, remunerate and honour all faithful servants of the common good.

Emerson.

[*A paper read before the Guild of St. Francis, Clifton, by G. H. Kelloway.*]

In drawing your attention this evening to Emerson's "Thoughts on Religion," I shall make no attempt to describe with any fulness his philosophy of life, neither shall I re-tell at any length the story of his days. My endeavour will be rather to indicate the main lines of his teaching concerning God, the Soul, and Immortality.

Emerson was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in the spring of 1803, his father being minister of the first Unitarian Church in that town. He was educated at the Boston Latin School and at Harvard University, and was ordained in 1829. In the year 1832, difficulties in regard to the administration of the Lord's Supper presented themselves to his mind. As a result he preached his famous sermon on that subject, and resigned his office. In 1833, he visited Europe and commenced his lifelong friendship with Carlyle. The year following he took up his residence in Concord, where, save for a few travels, he lived until his death in 1882.

Emerson's position in literature is certainly very high. "The most original and influential writer that America has yet produced," is the opening comment by Schurman in "Chambers' Cyclopædia of English Literature."

After strict judgment by such critics as Matthew Arnold, John Morley, Richard Garnett, and Augustine Birrell, his works have received a "passport to posterity."

He liked to think of himself as a poet, in which office he "stands in a closer relation to Nature than any other." As Dr. Garnett says, he has "an unique power of making us participate in the life of Nature."

But it is Emerson as Seer, or Religious Man, that we are concerned with this evening. Early he had formulated his life's function,—"Seeing whatever I can, and telling what I see." "He believed," says Mr. Schurman, "that God spoke through the mind of every man, and that it was incumbent on each to report what he saw to-day, without regard to what he had reported at any other time." Looking boldly into the mysteries of the world, man, nature, and God, he proclaimed those things he was permitted to see.

His essential message was, therefore, "To-day." The religions of his time taught that God and inspiration had been, that the Almighty had spoken years ago. These were half-truths. "God is," exclaims the American prophet. To-day is the day of salvation. We also have inspired men. "The Bible is not a closed book, and never can be till the last great man is dead." There is no profane history, he declared, or rather, all history is sacred. He held that the great need of the men of his day was faith in God. He once described religion as "the emotion, the thrill at the presence of the Universal Soul." The attempt to embody this emotion in an outward form made the Church, but as "the truest state of thought rested in becomes false," the Church lapses into unbelief, and has to be continually recovered by "the light re-kindling in some obscure heart."

A complaint is often made against Emerson that he speaks of God always as an impersonal being; that he makes religion the relationship of a personal soul to an impersonal Over-Soul. But against this it can be maintained that his opinions about the nature and being of the Highest are incidental. He was no theologian, but his faith in an Universal Power which transcended all other powers was as firm as his faith in his own soul. His idea of a Super-personal God is less likely to be shaken than the giant-man-god idea of some of his critics.

It is said of Spiroza that "he spoke of God as an actual being, to those who had fancied him a name in a book." This might equally well be applied to Emerson. "Our quoting of Scripture," he wrote, "seems to deny the omnipresence, the eternity of God. Once He spoke through good men these especial words. Now if we have ought high and holy to do, we must wrench somehow their words to speak it in. Humbly rather let us go and ask God's leave to use the hour and language that now is." "It is the office of a true preacher to show us that God is, not was; that he speaketh, not spake."

In his essay on "Spiritual Laws" he writes:—"A little consideration of what takes place around us every day would show us that a higher law than that of our will regulates events; that our painful labours are unnecessary and fruitless; that only in our easy, simple, spontaneous action are we strong, and by contenting ourselves with obedience we become divine. Belief and love—a believing love will relieve us of a vast load of care. O my brothers, God exists. There is a soul at the centre of nature, and over the will of every man, so that none of us can wrong the universe. It has so infused its strong enchantment into nature, that we prosper when we accept its advice, and when we struggle to wound its creatures, our hands are glued to our sides, or they beat our own breasts. The whole course of things goes to teach us faith. We need only obey. There is a guidance for each of us, and by lowly listening we shall hear the right word . . . . . If we will not be marplots with our miserable interferences, the work, the society, letters, arts, science, the religion of men would go on far better than now, and the heaven predicted from the bottom of the heart, would organize itself, as do now the rose, and the air, and the sun."

Emerson had a profound belief in the human soul. The soul of a man is his very Self. "Speak and act," he said, "as a Soul,—acquaint men at first hand with Deity,—be a divine man." "A man is the facade of a temple, wherein all wisdom and all good abide. What we commonly call man, the eating, drinking, planting, counting man, does not, as we know him, represent himself, but misrepresents himself. Him we do not respect, but the soul, whose organ he is, would he let it appear through his action, would make our knees bend. When it breathes through his intellect, it is genius; when it breathes through his will, it is virtue; when it flows through his affection, it is love." Throughout his teaching he insists that the great thing in human life is the human soul. "The soul is the perceiver and revealer of truth." The remedy for the deformity of life "is, first soul, and second, soul, and evermore, soul." "In the soul of man there is a justice whose retributions are instant and entire. He who does a good deed is instantly ennobled. He who does a mean deed is by the action itself contracted. He who puts off impurity, thereby puts on purity. If a man is at heart just, then in so far is he God; the safety of God, the immortality of God, the majesty of God, do enter into that man with justice."

Emerson's firm belief in the soul had as a natural sequence an equally firm faith in the soul's continuity. It is impossible to think that the human personality, upon which Nature spends so much, can die with the body. No, says our author, there is something in me which is not sick with my sickness, and will not die with the dissolution of my body.

In his discourse on Immortality he says:—"All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen. Whatever it be which the great Providence prepares for us, it must be something large and generous, and in the great style of his works. The future must be up to the style of our faculties,—of memory, of hope, of imagination, of reason." Again, in the chapter on "Worship," in the "Conduct of Life," he writes:—"Of immortality, the soul, when well employed, is incurious. It asks no questions of the Supreme Power. . . . Immortality will come to such as are fit for it, and he who would be a great soul in future, must be a great soul now." A good example of Emerson's faith in immortality is to be found in a few lines at the end of his poem "Threnody," written after the death of his little son.

"What is excellent
As God lives is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain;
Heart's love will meet thee again."

Religion, the relationship of souls to the Over-Soul, implies also the relationship of those souls one to another. The doctrine of the Fatherhood of God has as a natural counterpart the Brotherhood of Man. Emerson's teaching in this matter is simple and direct. In his estimation a man is a soul first, a bootmaker, or a governor of men afterwards.

"There is no great and no small
To the Soul that maketh all."

To everyone he says—"Be yourself." He would have each know himself or herself as a rational soul. When you know yourself you will be false to no man; you will understand justice, truth, and mercy; your life will be at one with Purity and Love. "It is a low benefit to give me something; it is a high benefit to enable me to do somewhat of myself." He taught that the salvation of the human race lies in the salvation of individuals. Souls are not saved in bundles. As men are saved, that is, have begun to realise their own being, so all sin from man to man ceases. With hearts attune with the Infinite Love, men cease to steal, cease to hastily condemn, cease to buffet one another in a reckless rush for material wealth, and position. "The money we spend for courts and prisons is very ill laid out. We make by distrust, the thief, and burglar, and incendiary, and by our court and jail we keep him so." "An acceptance of the sentiment of love throughout Christendom for a season, would bring the felon and the outcast to our side in tears, with the devotion of his faculties to our service."

Thoughts for Quiet Moments.

THE words of wise men are heard in quiet —*Ecclesiastes ix.*, 17.

Man is a spirit, and bound to all men by invisible bonds.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

God is the place where spirits blend.—*A. Sabatier.*

A PRAYER.

O GOD, whom having not seen we love, bring us home to Thee; each of us, all of us, from any height or depth, at any time, with or without anything or all things: only bring us, ourselves, our very selves, all ourselves, to Thine own presence, which is our home; bring us home one to another, and all home to Thee, our Eternal Home.—*Christina Rossetti.*

DIVINE DISCONTENT.

BE not content, contentment means inaction;
The growing soul aches on its upward quest;
Satiety is twin to satisfaction;
All great achievements spring from life's unrest.

The tiny roots, deep in the dark mould hiding,
Would never bless the earth with leaf and flower,
Were not an inborn restlessness abiding
In seed and germ to stir them with its power.

Were man contented with his lot forever,
He had not sought strange seas with sails unfurled:
And the vast wonder of our shores had never
Dawned on the gaze of an admiring world.

Prize what is yours, but be not quite contented:
There is a healthful restlessness in soul
By which a mighty purpose is augmented,
In urging men to reach a higher goal.

So, when the restless impulse rises, driving
Your calm content before it, do not grieve;
It is the upward reaching and the striving
Of the God in you to achieve, achieve.

But know this, that in the last days grievous times shall come, for men shall be lovers of self, lovers of money . . . . no lovers of good, . . . lovers of pleasure rather than lovers of God.—*II. Timothy, iii., 1-4, R.V.*

BUT we, brought forth and rear'd in hours
Of change, alarm, surprise.
What shelter to grow ripe is ours?
What leisure to grow wise?

Like children bathing on the shore,
Buried a wave beneath,
The second wave succeeds, before
We have had time to breathe.

Too fast we live, too much are tried,
Too harass'd to attain
Wordsworth's sweet calm, or Gothe's wide
And luminous view to gain.

—*Matthew Arnold.*

Self-Surrender.

THOSE who believe in the necessity of conversion in order to the true Christian life make self-surrender, the giving up of all things to Christ or God, the last and most essential stage in the process. Those who accept the mind-cure teachings maintain that the complete surrender of the will to the divine power is requisite in order to perfect healing. Even the Stoic claimed that submission to the will of Zeus was important for the renovation of the soul. In many forms, under nearly all religions, this doctrine is accepted. It recognises a great truth that is essentially the same everywhere, whatever the special form it takes, which teaches that man comes to his highest life when he submits his individual needs to universal conditions.

The man who thinks of himself only lives a mean and narrow life. He is not merely selfish in so doing, but he fails to secure all that life has to give him. The worst of it is that he loses the supports that may come to him if he lives in a large and generous recognition of what is human and universal. He may gain a certain amount of happiness; but it is deformed, unsatisfying, repellent. His ethical life has no horizon, and his spiritual vision is confined within the circle of his own immediate interests. He may gain much for himself, but it is vitiated by the taint of self-interest. No great generosity opens to him its satisfactions, no ideal ends sustain him.

The value of ideals is that they give occasions for self-surrender, the submission of individual desires to principles that are large and generous. The patriot is the man with a national ideal, who finds in the good of all the people his own highest satisfaction. He does not ask the nation to exist for his benefit; but he devotes himself to its good, and finds in that obliteration of what is merely individual the noblest good of which he knows. In another way the man of science forgets himself in his search for truth, which he finds by a surrender of his own thought to laws and methods that are supremely great for him. In fact, there is no intellectual, ethical, or spiritual progress but by the way of surrender to the higher law.

The attitude of the Christian believer towards his God is sometimes thought to be that of a slave in the presence of his master. He may assume such an attitude, but not necessarily so; for his self-surrender may have in it the largest freedom. The free man is not the one who does as he pleases and gives way to license, but the one who comes into the joyous liberty of a self-regulated and faithful life. The law-abiding man is not the one to fear the law, and the moral man is not the one to dread the ethical code.

The doctrine of self-surrender, however, is one of large spiritual import; for it brings the soul into union with universal life and to the sustaining help it gives. There is something most desirable in being able to work with what is eternal, with what does not grow feeble or pass away. When we can feel that our own interests are but a part of greater and universal interests, the worry of caring for them as our own is taken away. Then we can accept them in their larger sphere as cared for by powers beyond our own; and, in being thus provided for, our own individual needs are protected and made certain of satisfaction. It conduces to littleness of mind to feel that we must at all times insist upon our own needs being provided for, as if that were all life could give us. If there is universal bounty, we may trust to that for our own food and shelter. If there is eternal law, it is not essential that we should have a private code. Morality is not for John or Jane, but for mankind. God is not the totem of a clan or the Jehovah of a single people, but the inmost life of the whole universe. Self-surrender is not, therefore, the acceptance of the arbitrary will of a Zeus, but the entering into the universal order with joy and peace. We do not seek our own will when we are truest to ourselves; but we desire what is eternally good, and therefore good for all.

So does a man repeat the experience of the race, and with each step onward live into the meaning of some old word which he has but idly echoed.—*George Gissing.*

The Reverence due from the Old to the Young.

[*An essay written by a son of James Russell Lowell, who was killed in the great war at the age of 29.*]

THE deference shown by youth to old age has been sometimes proposed as the test of a nation's civilization; I would propose as a better test the reverence shown by the old to the young men. Austrian policy has lately confirmed the old truth, that the best way to destroy a nation is to corrupt its youths; and I might say that our own career proves that regard for the young is what gives a nation its greatest vigour. But I am not here to sound our nation's praises; if I am an American, I am also a young man, and at least till I cast my first vote, I shall think this position the higher. I know very well that the young do not rightly respect the old here, but this is no proof that the old rightly respect the young men. I know very well that the children with us grind down, like remorseless young gods, the poor mortals, their parents, but even the gods, I think, were not always properly worshipped; and, as a young man, loyal to youth, I assert that our true rights are still not respected, our true value not felt, and I contend that, tried by the test proposed, we are still twenty millions of semi-barbarians.*

No nation, of course, can view its young men with indifference; the nurse of Crishnâ, when she looked in the infant's mouth, beheld whole kingdoms; so each nation sees in its young men the means of fulfilling its wishes. *Once*, when these wishes were gratified less by the head and more by the hands, when courage and strength were *virtues*, highly respected, some of the favourite gods possessing in fact no others, youth could not but receive some little share of reverence; youth too charmed by its beauty, and men imagined rightly that those were most like the gods who longest kept their young-manhood. But *now*, when the work of the world is done more by brains than by muscles, since it is hard to prove that the brains of young men are better, since too the beautiful is now crowded out by the useful, men seem to wish to make God's earth a Mahomet's heaven, where sons may be born and grow up in an hour. They seem to forget that in nature "the shortest way to an end is that which lies through *all* the means." They think of education too much as a mere preparation for manhood—as the drawing out of an infant into a man; they should rather think of it as the development of an infant into a child, of a child into a youth, of a youth into a man. They would then be more willing to leave him in each of the stages as long as nature indicates; then we should never hear the plea of indulgence that young men *will* be young men, but that they *may* be would be the wish of wisdom.

Young men have always been sought, we said, and never more than at present—but for what are they sought? Because they are a "power on the earth," because they bring zeal and vigour which the world is eager to use. Man knows by instinct what anatomists have learnt, that the nerves of *action* are of stouter stuff than the others, and to young men any prospect of labour is welcome. But that they feel keenly the pleasure of labour is no proof that labour is their highest function—is no proof that their elders are right in wishing to turn a fresh current of youth into canals to move mill wheels.

We hear now-a-days much wholesome truth about the dignity of labour; every stroke, we are told, of the labourer's pickaxe, if made with an honest purpose, helps the world onward in its course. But when a young man is burning to do the world great service, it is a falsehood to tell him that faithful labour is the best gift the world expects of him. If young men bring nothing but their strength and their spirit, the world may well spare them, but they do bring it something better, they bring it fresher and purer ideals.

Whether because we come to this world from a higher, "trailing clouds of glory," or because we pass only slowly under the yoke

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of matter, certain it is that in youth we love to dwell in ideals; and when once we have found that the world is not what it was in our dreams, we form new visions of what it *should* be, and of what we will and can make it. And as action looks always forward, in youth we have an "instinctive grasp to the future," while in old age we become "sentimentally moored to the past." Now the great works of the world do not receive their shape from Providence only; each man must help in this also; he lays his stone well or ill, according to the vision that guides him. It is not true that good comes often of evil; good comes only of good, and of evil comes only evil. Every act helps to produce exactly the end which it aimed at, and helps to produce no other. This is true not only of deeds, but also of thoughts and of wishes; every *wish* helps somewhat to secure the result desired. Thus the world must always be improving, for in youth, we have seen, there always exists the earnest *wish* to improve it. But the instinctive wish of the youth must become the rational aim of the man, and a rational aim must seek and adopt the best means. Now each generation stands in a new position; it gets new views of past faults and failures, with new glimpses of future possibilities, and in youth, when the tendency to form ideals is strong, and each moment is helping to shape them, silently old errors are dropped and new wisdom is adopted. Those, therefore, who aim to help the world rationally, must not neglect the coming generation; they must respect its ideals even if their own seem to suffer, for here change is indeed the only constancy.

This is one reason why the suggestions of youth should be respected. This is not all, however. While mankind is constantly rising to higher ideals, there is always danger that the man may sink to lower ones. Labour has been blessed as the Lethe of the past and the present; it may well be cursed as the Lethe of the highest future. Apart from the fact that in changing wishes to wills and wills to deeds, much is always lost that is never missed, the moment a man begins to act out his ideal, each lower faculty finds its special gratification. Gratified activity may become a syren to lull him to destruction. The ideal power may stoop to form pictures of worldly success. Or he may flatter himself that he is still true to his ideal, when, to every one else, it is clear that his "nature is subdued to what it works in, like the dyer's hand." Therefore the old men—the men of the last generation—*cannot* teach us of the present what *should* be, for that we know as well as they, or better; they *should not* teach us what *can* be, for the world always advances by impossibilities achieved; and if life has taught them what can *not* be, such knowledge in the world's march is only impedimenta; in short, though men are never too old to *learn*, they are often too young to be *taught*.

The men whom we worship as heroes have, in all ages, been the perennially young; they have been those who retained through life that which is the very essence of youth—*uncompromising* ideals. The world should derive from its young men the same *sort* of benefit which it derives from its heroes; young-man-worship should stand by the side of hero-worship; but a hero comes only once in a century, while young men are always at hand, and it is not strange that the worship of the latter should be neglected. The greatest obstacle, it has been said, "to being heroic, is the doubt whether one may not be going to prove one's self a fool." This same obstacle too often interferes with youths continuing young; the fear of being fools is always before us; but the truest manhood on our part is to put away this fear, and the truest wisdom on the part of our elders is to help us put it away. The instinct of self-preservation which should keep young men young men, is not a strong one; it needs every encouragement, and the more willing the young are to fall into this suicide, the more loudly does the world's welfare demand that the old should seek to prevent them. Nature, in making young men the builders of castles in the air, meant them also to be the architects and master builders in the great edifice which the world is slowly rearing; out of a thousand fragile chateaux in Spain rises this one Gibraltar.

If beauty, then, which has been called the promise of function, causes youth to be *loved*, the function which already brings the world its life and its growth should cause it to be *reverenced*. A nation that feels this reverence has its golden age before it; it cannot be wholly undone by unprincipled governments or evil institutions. Where this is not felt, though the course may seem rapid and prosperous, a swift undercurrent is sweeping it, surely to destruction. We claim to be an extremely progressive people, to have a keen eye for possibilities, to make the most of our means; but this reverence, the highest help to progress, is little recognised. Never before in any country was *action* so much valued; for *men* now, as for *orators* of old, action is thought the first, the second, the third requisition. Far be it from me to say aught against action; as Bacon has finely said, "*In the theatre of the world God and the angels only have a right to be spectators.*" Still, mere action is no proof of progress; in overvaluing its amount we necessarily undervalue its direction; we make it our boast *how much* we do, and thus grow blind to *what* we do, so that we foolishly wish to convert into tools those whom we should rejoice to follow as guides. Action, then, is the Minotaur which claims and devours our youths; Athens bewailed the seven who yearly left her shore; with us scarce seven remain, and we urge the victims to their fate.

Apollonius of Tyana tells us in his travels that he saw "a youth, one of the blackest of the Indians, who had between his eyebrows a shining moon. Another youth named Memnon, the pupil of Herodes, the sophist, had this moon when he was young, but as he approached to man's estate its light grew fainter and fainter and finally vanished." The world should see, with reverence, on each youth's brow, as a shining moon, his fresh ideal. It should remember that he is already in the hands of a sophist more dangerous than Herodes, for that sophist is himself. It should watch, lest from too early and exclusive action the moon on his brow, growing fainter and fainter, should finally vanish—and, sadder than all, should leave, in vanishing, no sense of loss.

For the Children.

A Forget Party.

"Did my son post that letter I gave him yesterday?" asked Ned's mamma.

Ned's hand dived into the inside pocket of his coat, and brought out a crumpled letter.

"I'm so sorry, mamma!" he cried, seeing the grieved look on his mamma's face.

"I, too, am sorry," responded mamma, "as that was a letter inviting Aunt Amy to stop off here on her way home."

"Oh! oh!" cried Ned. "And I do so love Aunt Amy!"

"If you catch this mail, the letter may yet be in time," said mamma.

Ned ran off as fast as he could to post the precious letter.

Another day it was a school-book which he left out in the orchard. It rained all night and ruined his book. Ned tried to remember, but always forgot.

One day Uncle Charlie heard Ned say to his mamma:—

"Plague take my forgettery!" Uncle Charlie knew that Ned had been forgetting again, and he thought of a plan to cure Ned of his habit.

"Ned will be eight years old Saturday," said mamma that day at tea-time.

"Can I have a party with both boys and girls, and plum-cakes and candles?" cried Ned.

"Of course you can," said Uncle Charlie. "I'll buy the candles,—eight and one to grow on."

"I'll bake the plum cake," said mamma.

"I'll write the invitations," said Sister Nell.

"I'll make a heaping platter of fudges," laughed Aunt Amy, who, after all, had gotten the delayed letter in time.

"And I," said papa, "will send up some ice-cream."

Ned danced for joy and ran off to school with a hop, skip, and jump. Saturday morning Ned's mamma sent him ever so far to Mr. Benton's, who raised vegetables and chickens to sell. Try as he would, Ned could not get home until just dinner-time; but he told Mr. Benton all about his party, and Mr. Benton gave him a cute little bantam chicken for his birthday present.

"Do you think," asked Ned at dinner, "my party will come right at two o'clock?"

"Well, well," said Uncle Charlie, "I forgot all about those candles!"

"I've been so busy," said Aunt Amy, "that I forgot to make the fudges!"

"And I," said papa, "forgot to order the ice-cream. It is too bad!"

"It doesn't matter at all," said Sister Nell, "for I forgot to invite any one to the party."

Ned's face grew longer and longer, and he looked at his mamma, who had not spoken yet. Surely she had not forgotten!

"Why," laughed Uncle Charlie, before mamma could speak, "it'll be a forgot party, won't it?"

This was too much. Ned burst into tears and ran up to his own little room. After what seemed a long, long time to Ned, and to Ned's mamma, too, she stole upstairs with a great big piece of plum cake; for, try as she would, mamma could not forget her little boy's birthday.

After that, when Ned forgot, which he seldom did, some one would say, "I guess we would better have another forget party."

Childhood.

I SPENT my childish life
Trying to grasp the knife
Wherewith God, patient, carved there in the sky;
But then—I grew afraid
To come across the blade.
So—God knows where his rainbow ends, not I.

When carven clouds went forth
South, east and west, and north,
'Mid wind and sun and rain and the wild thunder,
God did not mind if I
Asked where that went and why,
Or—did not ask, but only stood for wonder.

Squirrels, up in a tree,
Were wonderful to me,
And the great Tree to guard and brood above them;
Grasses, that tiptoe stand
And whisper to the hand,
And would not whisper if you did not love them.

Why horses pulled a cart
Was all beyond my art;
Why children went together to be taught.
I sometimes did a thing,
And no one listening,
Because my heart thumped loudly that I ought.

The wonder of a star
That winked from, oh, so far,
Its little lantern, looking for lost day!
I could not see a birth
One inch below the earth;
Yet father said the sun was miles away.

F. L. WOLDS.

News from the Field.

THE months come and go, and bring with them their inevitable changes in all directions. In our field, as elsewhere, these changes take place.

We notice that a recruit from the Established Church of England, the *Rev. E. W. Sealy, M.A.* (Oxon), has accepted a call to *Blackburn*, to take charge of our infant cause there, and we wish him every success in his undertaking.

The *Rev. John Evans, B.A.*, of *Colne*, has received a call to *Rochdale;* the *Rev. J. Burton, M.A.*, late of *Poole*, has agreed to take up the work at *Portsmouth;* the *Rev. D. R. Davies*, of *Pontypridd*, is to go to *Rawtenstall;* and the *Rev. Felix Holt, B.A.*, from the College at Oxford, is to be Assistant Minister at *Bank Street, Bolton.*

The *Rev. H. Cross* is resigning his position as one of the Ministers in connection with the *Yorkshire Union*, but will doubtless soon find another sphere of activity. The *Rev. H. J. Rossington, M.A.*, has said his farewell to his people at *Longsight*, and has received gifts from his friends, ere he enters upon his work at the *First Congregation, Belfast.*

We note, with interest, that the *Rev. E. W. Lummis, M.A.*, has made a flying visit to England, and has cheered the hearts of his friends by the signs of improvement in health which they saw in him. But not, as yet, is he able to resume work in this country—for a while longer he must remain in Switzerland. But a warm welcome awaits him when he can come.

We also observe, but with great sorrow, that the Doctors have declared that the *Rev. S. H. Street, B.A.*, is, at present, unfit to resume his work, and that even, after a long rest, and sojourn in a more genial clime, he will have to give up his Mission work, and find, when he is better, some sphere away from London. We hope the rest and change will prove beneficial, and that a suitable opening will be found when he is ready for it. Meanwhile our sympathy is with him, and his wife and family in this time of sharp trial and exigency.

The friends of the Old Church at *Hackney* have been holding a Jubilee Bazaar to strengthen their funds and carry on their work. We congratulate them on the substantial result obtained—*£670.*

The hearts of our friends at *Hope Street Church, Liverpool*, have been greatly cheered by a gift from an anonymous friend, of *£2,500*, towards the good works being done by the congregation. The *Rev. H. D. Roberts* will feel greatly helped by this practical sympathy.

The late *Mrs. Grundy*, of Bury, has left substantial proofs of her love for her old church (Bury), and for a number of neighbouring congregations by legacies to them amounting to

about *£10,000*. She has determined that the congregations and causes she loved shall not suffer financially because she passes away from the active life of this world, and has thus set an example which others should follow.

We welcome *Mrs. Page Hopps* as a colleague in her husband's work. She has occupied several pulpits, and has been warmly welcomed as an acceptable preacher.

The *Hague* Conference, which is now sitting, representing 47 States of the world, is engaged in trying to bring about arbitration in place of war, and in various ways trying to establish "Peace on earth, and goodwill among men." It has our heartiest sympathy and our earnest prayers.

It is with great pleasure we see that the *Van Mission*, begun last year, has grown four-fold, and that four vans are now in the Mission field in various parts of the United Kingdom, under the direction of the *Rev. T. Spedding*, who is aided by a devoted band of ministers and lay helpers. Though the weather has been inclement the work has gone on earnestly, and the attendances have been encouraging. We shall follow the course of these vans with growing interest.

The *British and Foreign Unitarian Association*, and the *Sunday School Association* have had their annual meetings. In both cases the attendances were large and enthusiastic, and the proceedings rose to great excellence. The speaking and services were of a high order, and everything betokened a sustained and indeed a growing interest in the work all over the country. The absence of the *Rev. R. J. Campbell*, who was to deliver the Essex Hall Lecture, but who withdrew from his promise, in no way damped the ardour of the friends who gathered from all parts of the country. The meetings were larger and more animated than ever. There was an indication that funds had fallen off, owing to the death of munificent supporters; but the spirit was such that it soon became manifest no permanent injury would result, but that all the needed help would be forthcoming. We shall see what the response to the urgent need will be.

The *Manchester Sunday School Union* had its usual Whit-Sunday gathering of schools in the Free Trade Hall, and, though the weather was unseasonable, the attendance was large, and the proceedings encouraging. The *Rev. Cobden Smith* was the speaker, and kept the interest of his auditors throughout the proceedings.

The *General Baptists*, most of whom are Unitarians, and all of them Progressives, have had their annual gatherings. This year the proceedings were both more vigorous, and more effective than ever of old. The *Rev. W. Reynolds, B.A.*, was the Assembly Preacher, and more than sustained the dignity and vigour of the occasion. His sermon was as able and thoughtful as it was animated. All the gatherings were rich with good things.

The *Non-Subscribers of Ireland* had a Sunday School gathering and Conference at Newtownards, which was well attended, and left deep impressions on all who asembled in the fine old Meeting House.

Our obituary record is not so full as usual, but it tells of two good souls who have passed away from us—*John Ashworth*, of *Newchurch*—an earnest worker and a true man—and *Mrs. W. Colfox*, of *Bridport*, the gentle consort and wise helper of her late husband, whose name was honoured throughout our churches, and among all those who wrought and gave for the good of their fellow men. We say farewell to these and all noble ones.

June 19th, 1907.

SCRUTATOR.

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